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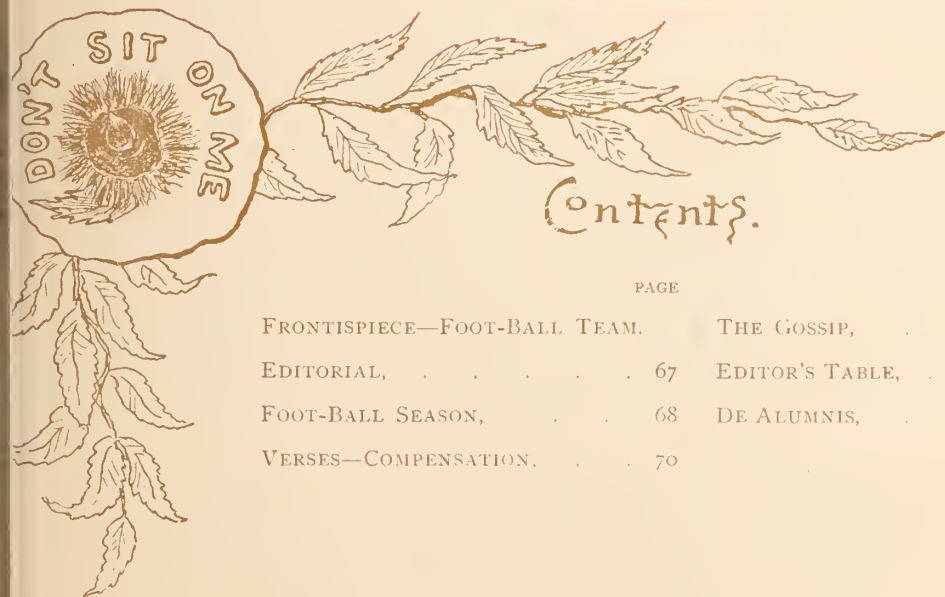
Dr W H Chandler jun 97

Lehigh

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L. U. FOOT-BALL TEAM 1896.



# THE LEHIGH BURR.

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## EDITORIAL.

IT is to be hoped that the rumors to the effect that steps are to be taken this term to revive the Glee and Banjo Clubs will develop into something more substantial. Owing to various causes these organizations were obliged to disband last autumn, but we felt sure at the time that it was only temporary. The fact of their non-existence certainly reflects no credit on the musical talent which, we feel sure, must be lying dormant. Other colleges of half the size of Lehigh have clubs which they maintain and send on trips around the country, and why should not we? To an outsider it would look peculiar, to say the least, to see a college annual with no musical organizations represented. Yet such will be the case with the 'Ninety-eight *Epitome* if the talked-over step is not taken.

to the course pursued, leads up to some thing else which would be incomprehensible to us unless the way were thus prepared. The Freshman is generally the "kicker," and feels himself able to offer suggestions of great value. We have all been Freshmen, we have all "kicked," but fortunately we have all changed a little and as alumni we will be even better to appreciate what Lehigh has done for us.

AS the time for severing our connection with the University approaches, each one of us is best able to appreciate its worth. Especially as Freshmen, we are apt to under-rate the value of some branches of study, the hygiene and chemistry lectures receiving more than their full share of abuse, and we may add, unjustly. But as Seniors we become better able to appreciate the true worth of our respective courses and of Lehigh University in general. We see how each branch, seeming at the time so useless, so impractical, so for-

IT is with great pleasure that we mark the progress of the two literary societies, the Agora and the Forum. The excellent rooms in Saucon Hall, of which they have recently taken possession, through the generosity of Messrs. Wilbur and Sayre, at last afford them a suitable place to hold their meetings and exercises. Perhaps the greatest good we may look forward to from the new impetus which has been given these societies, is the effect they must necessarily exercise on the Junior Oratorical Contests. The absence of the above last year, on account of insufficient number of eligible men, was a disgrace to the University, which we trust may never be repeated. We earnestly hope that the College may show more interest in these organizations than heretofore, and that soon their debates and literary exercises may become one of the characteristic features of student-life at Lehigh.

## FOOT-BALL SEASON OF 1896.

WHEN Lehigh began her foot-ball season this year, she had to contend with about as many obstacles as ever fell to the lot of a college to combat with. First of all, our three center men were lost to us by their graduation in June. We were also without Okeson on end and Barnard and Fitzgerald at half and full respectively. All our substitutes of '95's team had gone. Captain Gunsolus found himself with only five old men left; and all but one of these were backs. So our first great problem was to make up a line, strong enough to uphold Lehigh's old record.

Our second obstacle was the absolute lack of all college spirit, and all interest in the team by the college at large. Many were the evenings, just before big games, when the 'Varsity turned out for a hard practice, to waken them up for the morrow's game, and found that the "dear old college," for which they were giving up hours and hours daily and receiving injury after injury, some of them pretty serious; when the "dear old college," I say, sent out three, four, and sometimes as many as six men to form the "strong scrub team" for them to play against. Sometimes they did get an eleven to line up against; and then, did the entire college turn out three or four hundred strong, to cheer them up and incite them to harder playing, as they did at one time? No, no, a thousand times, no. Some few that had nothing better to do, lounged along the fence and spent most of their valuable time guying players on both sides.

Lehigh, some one once remarked, was unique among colleges for the way her men stuck together, for her college spirit, and for her yelling. It seems a shame that the person who made this remark can not now see Lehigh as she really is, rent asunder by all kinds of petty feuds and feelings, lacking the

first semblance of college spirit and about to lose all her standing and prestige among other colleges, athletically. The first instance of college spirit is to be able to support a losing team. Lehigh has shown, therefore, in the last three years in both foot-ball and base-ball, that she is utterly incompetent to do so. In other words, she shows that in every way she lacks that which ought to be first and foremost in any college—namely, college spirit.

Surely, it now falls upon the shoulders of every one of us, to do our best to help our Alma Mater out of the sad strait she is now in. Every one of us can do it. Don't think that because you can not play foot-ball or base-ball that therefore you can not help. Come out to the practices and games, yell and encourage the men, and before you or any of us know it, Lehigh will once more hold the athletic position among American colleges that she held in olden days when Dashiell, Warriner, McClung, and others, led our men on to victory after victory. Let it be made more of an honor to play on the 'Varsity team. Let the scrub men have a regular schedule of games arranged for them. Let inter-class and inter-fraternity games be encouraged. And last, but not least, let the college men work as a unit; give up all these petty feuds that are so detrimental to us, and let us once again show the collegiate world, that Lehigh, instead of losing, has gained and now has as much, if not more, college spirit than any college in the United States.

Glancing over the past season we find much to praise, and alas, much to lament.

Fall practice will never work while Lehigh has so few men, and while the course here is so hard. Few indeed were the men who answered Captain Gunsolus' call last fall, but we could not expect much better with so few of '95's team left. Then again, the coaching

was not up to the standards of former years. Mr. Morris, while one of the best fellows I ever met, was not strict enough, and did not "jump on" the men enough, to do us the good we wanted.

The season was disappointing in more than one way. First, the team was weak, and the games won were few and far between; in the second place, the cancelling of the Lafayette games took away the interest which has usually clung to the end of the season.

The team as a whole was weak; the line did not play together as they should have done; there was none of the dash and ginger in it that should have characterized it; there was a noticeable lack of breaking through and following the ball; the tackling of all the line-men was especially weak. But the fault was not only with the line; the backs were just as bad, if not worse. Here there was a most lamentable lack of interference and team play. The backs on a team ought to play together as one man; they ought to be ready and in their places by the time the ball is dead, and therein lay their greatest fault this year. They were far too slow, first in lining up, and second, in starting the play, and here more than anywhere else the want of a good full-back was noticed. With Fitzgerald at full, the season might have been a very different one.

The team played its best game this season against Princeton. It was the first game of season, and the men went into it with a vim and ardor which they never showed again. In this game, the interference was good, the team played together, and some telling gains were made, in fact, if the officials had been a little more watchful we might more than once have very seriously menaced the "Tigers" goal.

Our next game with Pennsylvania was one of the poorest exhibitions of foot-ball, I think, that Lehigh has ever given, and the less said about it the better. Team play was lacking from start to finish; the men were listless and lifeless, and our kicking was shocking, one

only of all our kicks not being blocked. At Providence next week, bad officials and hard luck rather than poor play were our cause for defeat. The team played a good game but against such odds as we had, I defy any team to win. And here the writer would like to say that he hopes it will be a very long time before Lehigh again meets Brown.

The week after this we met our "Waterloo." Michigan outweighed and outplayed us from start to finish. Their weight was terrific, and with our light team we could do nothing against them.

Our game with Rutgers, played a week or so before the Michigan game, was by far the easiest we had this season, the team played a very good game, but as Rutgers' team was very poor, we cannot claim much credit for running up such a big score.

Annapolis came next, and here again our fellows put up about as poor an exhibition of foot-ball as one might ever hope to see. Atrocious fumbling by all the backs, was the general order of the day. Baltimore Athletic Club was weak and we managed to make a very fair showing against them.

As to the individual members of the team:

Captain Gunsolus is a good captain, and coaches his team well. He is one of the pluckiest players on the team. In his position of tackle he is very much at home and knows his business thoroughly. He is a good tackler and runs well with the ball.

Senior, who comes next, is a good guard, knowing his position pretty well. He is also a sure tackler and when given the ball seldom fails to gain.

Beccera, at the other guard, played well during the season, and showed decided improvement as over his last year's form.

McCarthy at center is one of the new men, but notwithstanding this, his playing was very good during the whole season.

Fugitt at tackle was not as much at home as he would have been at half, which position he played most successfully several times.



He tackles well and runs hard, being very difficult to stop.

Brady played a very fine game at end, he is fast and strong, and seldom loses his head when in a tight place. He tackles well, and is by far the best kicker we have. After the Brown game he did the entire kicking for the team.

Mason, on the other end, was also very good, being extremely fast and very strong. His man seldom got away. He tackles well, and can use his head well in a tight place.

Gass at quarter played probably the best game of any one this season. He was back in his old place, and by his playing showed how much he appreciated getting there. He got into the interference, handled the ball cleanly and did by far the best tackling of the backs.

White at half, although a new man, showed that he knew his business. He is a very heady player, taking quick advantage of any opening. He gained more ground for us this

season than almost all the rest of the team put together. Next to Gass, he played the best game of the season. He is a good tackler and a plucky player.

Van Dyne played his usual good game at half, making plenty of good gains and long runs. He is probably the best line buckler we have, and has seldom ever failed to gain his length through the line. He is a strong runner and hard to down.

Holderness at full, was decidedly out of place, but for a new hand at that position played as well as could be expected. His kicking, especially in the Pennsylvania game, was extremely weak.

The substitutes were good men and most of them had had good foot-ball experience.


Let us hope that the college-at-large will take the lesson of this season to heart, and that when Captain Gunsolus calls for men next fall, let us see good scrubs, good practice and lots of college spirit.

X. Y. Z.

---

#### COMPENSATION.

IF a little man has a very large wife,  
 Oh, how the poor fellow is guyed !  
 For he does look absurd when he goes to walk  
 With his lumbering wife by his side.  
 But his lot's not so bad as it appears—  
 There's many a worse, I'll state :  
 For in chill winds he keeps in the lee  
 Of his broad and corpulent mate.



# THE GOSSIP.

THE Gossip got his *Brown and White* some time ago and proceeded to stretch himself out and discover what was doing in the world. On the last page he was shocked to discover a roster of examinations, and immediately began to wonder how many he would be excused from on absences. As he had next hour on, he pulled on a hat and started for Packer Hall. As his eye wandered over the Bulletin Board he was struck by the differences in the absence limits and noted some peculiar things. For instance, one section had one subject two hours per week all recitations, in which the partial was seven, while in another subject, two hours per week, over two thirds of which were drawing periods, the partial was three. Now, as the man who saw the "How to get rich quickly" sign said, "What I want to know," is why should a man be deprived of the pleasure of taking an examination in a subject because he has been absent from three drawing periods, provided he has his work up? In fact if he's been absent from a dozen drawing periods, if his work is honestly done, how could it affect his knowledge of the subject. Where is the excuse for having an absence limit in drawing? But about the time he had gotten this far his cigarette was caught smoking in Packer Hall and he went out.

\* \* \*

The Gossip saw in the paper that his friend John's house just burnt up—or burnt down as the paper said—well, whether it burnt up or down doesn't matter much now, there isn't any more of it left than of last year's snow. All that big store gone to blazes, where you buy anything from a paper of pins to a baby

elephant! Of course, they didn't sell them both at the same counter—the elephant might sit on the pins, and then there would be an enormous sale of goods—goods would sail in every direction. No, they kept the elephants down in the cellar, they acted like ballast for a ship, held the house down in wind storms, etc., and Johnnie Wanamaker used to send clerks down with elephants when he wanted to make them feel small (not the elephants, the clerks).

And the worst of it is, Johnnie's house wasn't insured. He didn't believe in insurance companies. Says he used to put away some cash every year instead. That's a good scheme, The Gossip is insuring his life that way. He started in five years ago, and every year he has given himself something. Now he has sixteen cents, a Canadian ten cent piece, a lead nickel, and a cent that the street cars ran over. If he keeps on like that he'll be able to set himself up to a nice time after he's dead, and perhaps be able to pay for a substitute when his turn comes to be turned into roast beef.

It might be supposed that the fire department had been abusing the Philadelphian's privilege for sleeping, but such is not the case. The firemen did their part, but what can a fireman do with a frozen fire plug (besides curse at it)? and there wasn't a fire plug within blocks that wasn't chock-full of  $H_2O$  à la glacé. What's the matter with Philadelphia, hasn't she enough setting hens in town to supply each fire-plug with one? Not much chance of a fire-plug freezing with an old cochin china roosting on it. Setting hens are an inexhaustable source of heat. This fact

was what kept philosophers from discovering the true theory of heat. Whenever they had a meeting of a learned society, and a theorist would get up and enunciate that grand law, that you can't get more heat out of a body than you put into it, some old grey-bearded man would shake his head learnedly and say: "How about those old settin' hens out in your barn?" and the meeting would roar at the theorist until the chair called for order.

Pliny, that 8.5 fiend, who never went to bed before three o'clock, and never got a math. absence in his life, never knew the truth about heat, all on account of setting hens.

He found an old hen in the Pliny's kitchen trying to set in the wood box—heating the wood by the methodic method before it went into the stove. He put the cross old clucking biddy out on the front steps (brown stone), and then went back into his study and commenced calculating how warm the front steps would be when the milkman would come around.

Next morning Pliny and Mrs. Pliny came out on the steps with calorimeters and Fahrenheit thermometers, to see how warm the steps were. It had snowed during the night, and all the door-steps had snow on them except Pliny's. Moreover, a crowd of public school children were standing around the Pliny's steps warming their hands. Pliny's scientific eye took it all in at a glance, but Mrs. Pliny had to have it explained to her. That's why Pliny didn't believe the new theory, and he says as much in his *Wärme Theorie*.

The Gossip has wandered away from Philadelphia, but there is no use to go back to it. The Gossip couldn't haul himself down to a level with Philadelphia after writing about Pliny.

Reader, wipe away that smile of incredulity. Setting hens would do the work alright, and they would do it cheerfully. When a hen wants to set, you can't stop her any more than you can stop the sun—when she wants

to set, she's going to set, by the prophet, if she has to hatch out door knobs, or knuckle down on a pile of double pointed tacks. If it happened to be a block of Kennebec Ice Company's ice she'd set on it. She would be perfectly content as long as she knew she was imparting her heat to something.

\* \* \*

The Gossip heard a funny thing the other day, apropos of the Freshman Class. One of them was walking up with The Gossip and a Junior, when The Gossip happened to remark to the Junior: "You remember the old 'Fossil' in the office, I wonder what's become of him." When the Freshman, who had then been in college almost six days, and of course knew it all from the bowling alleys to Buck's fire escape key emporium, broke in with an air of one who is imparting valuable information, "Why! Didn't you know that they've moved it down into the vestibule at the office end of Packer Hall." "Verily! Verily! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings come words of wisdom."

\* \* \*

The Gossip was down in the iron works, two or three years ago, on a shop visit and having "taken a sneak" as usual, went down to see how a blast furnace worked.

He was sitting in the blacksmith shop of one of them talking to the blacksmith, when he noticed a large, well-built man with a heavy beard who was listening interestedly to The Gossip showing off his ignorance.

The stranger fidgeted uneasily for a little while and then suddenly broke into the conversation with, "Well, that reminds me of a most peculiar thing that happened out at the 'Caledonia' Furnace in Ohio, while I was working there.

"There was a man working there by the name of Hezekiah Butternut, a regular out and out hayseed, who was a 'Charge-man,' that is, he puts the ore and coal in at the top of the furnace.



"Hezekia hwas a good man when he was sober—which happened now and again by accident.

"Well! one time, Hezekiah was under the weather a little more than usual, and when he lowered the bell to put the ore and coal in, the smoke and flame confused him and he fell in.

"Of course stopping the furnace was out of the question, and so Hezekiah was baked brown on both sides.

"His widow was perplexed as to what she should do. She wanted to give Hezekiah a decent burial, but then she didn't know where Hezekiah was in the furnace, so she bought the whole day's output, in order to be sure to miss no portion of Hezekiah, and buried him in a special trench in the graveyard, with a fine monument with the inscription on one side:

'Here lies the body of Hezekiah Butternot, in chemical combination with 419 tons of fine gray pig iron.'

'Stranger! I warn you here  
Over his coffin lid  
For your own good sake  
You'd Butter not do as he did.'

"And on the other side of the monument:

'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

"I reckon she was alluding to Hezekiah's future state, most likely." Then the stranger departed into the gloaming, and as The Gossip looked after him, he had a doubt as to that stranger's veracity.

\* \* \*

If there is one thing of which The Gossip has a horror it is of being lost, no matter whether the town be small or large. A few nights ago he was coming home late, coming up Fourth Street, and in spite of anything which may be said to the contrary, the path he made in the newly fallen snow was straight. The houses all looked familiar, but a snow-storm bewilders anyone, and not wishing to make a mistake he decided to ask a policeman where he was. Accordingly he stopped and taking off his hat very reverently he asked,

"Can you tell me where I'm at?" "On Fourth Street," and the guardian of the law added, tapping a red brick building with his club, "this is the Wyandotte Hotel." Sure enough it was the Wyandotte, and The Gossip looked up lovingly at the indian with his tomahawks. He turned to thank his informer, but found he had disappeared. He crossed Wyandotte Street and bumping into a "cop" he again asked, "Can you tell me where I'm at?" "On Huron Street, and there's the Wyandotte Hotel," was the answer. "On Huron Street, and there's the Wyandotte Hotel," repeated The Gossip in a vague sort of a way. "Yes," said the "cop," and a diabolical smile crept over his classic features. The Gossip retraced his step and after an hour or so of wandering, the familiar post-office building loomed up. This, so to speak, put him on his feet again, and after the proper amount of thought he again started for home. Again he crossed Wyandotte Street, again he asked his question and again the answer came, "On Huron Street, and there's the Wyandotte Hotel." The Gossip thought hard and he concluded that the "cop" was a liar, but he asked very politely, "Will you show me Fourth Street?" "Yes," said the "cop," and walking out into the middle of the crossing he faced north, and pointing with his right hand down the hill and his left hand up the hill he said, "This is Fourth and this is Huron." The intense cold had cleared The Gossip's head and he muttered, "If I had just known that I would have been home two hours and a half ago." And the next day he concluded that there was a good deal in a name after all.

'Tis midnight dim as o'er my task I'm bent,  
While slowly slips away the sluggish time.  
The light burns low. With earnest, good intent  
My work began; but—yet my fallow brain  
Long since refused its work. And, not content  
My gaze alone upon the book to rest,  
My head now there reclines, and, cares all spent,  
I sleep!

—*The Tech.*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

IT is a very common occurrence for a college magazine to have the opportunity to review and criticize a book written by an alumnus and former contributor. The last number of *The Trinity Tablet* contains a note upon "*The Substance of His House*," a book of poetry written by Mr. Prosser Hall Frye of the class of '89 at Trinity. Some of Mr. Frye's verse has appeared in the past in the *Tablet* and his new work in book form should be very well received.

As an instructor at this institution during the past two or three years Mr. Frye has become well known to Lehigh men, to whom the following note from *The Trinity Tablet* should prove of some interest.

"Mr. Prosser Hall Frye, of the class of '89, is the author of a volume of poetry called from the opening poem "*The Substance of His House*." The influence of Browning is evident throughout the book, though but slightly, in the treatment of the various sub-

jects, and in the stand-point which is tinged with pessimism. Of the longer poems "*A Dead Soul*," "*The Queen*," and "*A Christmas Hymn*," are especially noteworthy. They are original, strong and thoroughly poetic. Several of the shorter lyrics have a very beautiful movement and the seventeen sonnets with which the book closes are very far above the range of the ordinary magazine sonnet in melody and power. Trinity men cannot find a more acceptable present to such of their friends who love poetry than this beautiful volume. It is commended to all who know good art when they see it, though indeed "*The Substance of His House*" deserves more than a look. It repays study. It is decidedly the best book of verse of the year, though it is not impossible that the public may prefer something in a lighter or more trifling vein, and Mr. Frye is terribly in earnest. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York."



—S. D. Warriner, '90, late mechanical engineer for the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., has accepted the position of general superintendent of the Calumet & Hecla Mining Co. This is the largest concern of the kind in the world.

—R. B. Brinsmade, '95, is assayer for the Combination Mining and Milling Co., Combination, Mont.

—O. Rickert, '88, has been appointed division engineer of the Wyoming region for the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., and has left Hazleton, where he has been connected with the above company for the past two years. He will be located at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

—W. S. Jackson, '96, is with the Best Telephone Manufacturing Co., Sharp and Stockholm Streets, Baltimore, Md.

—Robt. Neilson, '95, is assistant supervisor of the Eastern and Susquehanna Division of the P. & E. & M. C. R. R., Williamsport, Pa.

—G. P. Bartholomew, '96, has resigned from the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., to accept a position with McDonald & Sayre, contractors.

—R. S. Mercur, '90, has been appointed division superintendent of the Mahanoy division of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co.

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